

Not a Dream by OTTSTF

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: A sprinkling of Hopper, Comfort, F/M, Fluff

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-08

Updated: 2018-07-08

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:08:43

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 732

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He wakes up in the Byers' home, and for a brief moment, worries that the return of El was just another torturous dream of his. Of course, the girl herself comes to his reassurance.

Not a Dream

Author's Note:

Need more fluff between these two.
I absolutely love the idea of El comforting Mike in a scenario like this.

His eyes fly open. He's staring at the ceiling above him.
For a moment, he wonders why the ceiling is not his own.
But that confusion is erased as the memories of the night before rush back into his mind.

Will. He's safe. The gate's closed.

Wait. The gate...

El!

He springs out of bed, practically screaming her name.
"El!" he calls, diving towards the door separating him from the rest of the house.

He's out of Jonathan's bedroom in a heartbeat, and as he barely prevents himself from tripping on the way out, he sees her, standing there by the sofa, a look of alarm on her face.

The sight of her there puts him to a dead stop, but she's approaching him now.

"Mike?" she exclaims. "What's wrong?"

She's standing by him now, and he can't quite believe it. After all that time, she's here. Real. Alive. In front of him, asking him what's wrong.

He can't help but let his instincts take over. He'd already shed a few tears, unknown to him. And now, he's pulling her in for the tightest hug he's ever given anybody.

"Oh my god." he sighs. "I... I thought it was just a dream..."

“What, Mike?” she asks him. “What was a dream?”

“I thought... I thought I dreamed you coming back. For a second, I thought it wasn’t real, and I’d dreamed it *again*, and...”

She pulls his head against her shoulder as he sobs into it.

“Oh god...” he mumbles through his sobs. “El...”

He’s shaking. *Genuinely* shaking, and it scares El for a moment. She quickly remembers how Hopper had comforted her many times before as she’d shake like this in her arms, and so she gently tugs his shivering form over to the sofa she was previously seated in.

Her hand cups the back of his head, wrapping strands of his hair through her fingers as she holds him tight, rubbing small circles against his back.

“It’s okay, Mike.” she finally begins trying to help. She’s so used to it being the other way around; her being helped by Hopper, *once Mike*, but now, the tables are turned; *he needs her*, and she’s damn well going to do her best for him.

“It’s real. I’m here.” she assures him. “And I’m never going to leave you again.”

She barely hears his mumbled “*promise?*” against her shoulder as he continues to slowly sob.

“I promise, Mike.” she swears to him. “*Never* again. I won’t let us get separated again. *I promise.*”

Hopper watches El comfort Mike from the kitchen, and the sight of it has him feeling multiple emotions.

Happiness, on their behalf, that they can finally see each-other again.

Pride, that he’d trained El in the year he’d cared for her enough for her to take on the side of *comforter*, when the boy who’d originally cared for her needs it most.

But mostly, guilt. It's *his* fault that Mike is feeling this way right now; that he'd had *multiple* dreams of her returning, just to find out that he'd been lied to by his own mind. That now that she's actually here, he needs reassurance that it's absolutely real, and not just another false hope.

In the moments he'd been interally scolding himself, Mike had managed to wear himself out. El is gently combing his hair through her fingers as he sleeps with his head in her lap, gently breathing as El observes his gentle expression.

Mike wakes up just under an hour later; his eyes immediately locking with El's.

"Hi." El smiles softly at him, his head still laying in her lap.

"Hey." he smiles back, felling endlessly lucky to finally have her back in his life.

"I'm sorry... for earlier." he confesses, shyly.

"No, don't be sorry, Mike." she says sincerely, absent-mindedly smoothing his hair back.

"I dreamed about coming back too. About being able to see you again, and when I'd wake up, I'd cry, too."

He smiles, despite the sadness of her confession. The idea that she felt the same way makes him oddly more confident about his side of the struggle. He finally lifts himself off of her lap, yet without hesitation, he goes back to leaning his head against her shoulder, as they hold each-other tight.

"I'm so happy we're back together, Mike." El tells him.

"Me too, El." he sighs. "So happy."

Author's Note:

I am so hopeless.

I don't even care.